

DOCTOR • WHO

UNDER THE VOLCANO

Script SI SPENCER Artwork JOHN ROSS
Colouring ADRIAN SALMON

INDONESIA,
1883

GREAT!
I GET TEN MINUTES OF
TOPPING UP MY TAN AND
THE NEXT THING WE'RE
KIDNAPPED BY THE LOCAL
HEAD-HUNTERS.

STOP
OVERREACTING...
THEY'RE NOT HEAD-
HUNTERS, THEY'RE
VERY PEACEFUL
PEOPLE...

...THEY JUST
DON'T LIKE
OUTSIDERS
VERY MUCH.

I TOLD YOU -
I WANTED YOU TO
SHOW YOU SOME
FIREWORKS.

SO REMIND
ME - WHY
DID WE COME
HERE AGAIN?

STATE YOUR
BUSINESS ON OUR
ISLAND. HAVE YOU
COME TO **STEAL** OUR
LANDS OR **DEFILE**
OUR MOUNTAIN GOD
LIKE THE MEN OF
FLAME?


THESE MEN
OF FLAME.
WHAT DO THEY
LOOK LIKE?

ORANGE
LIKE THE SUN
- HORNED LIKE
THE OX.

I'LL KEEP
AN EYE OUT
FOR THEM.

PHUTZZZ!

COME ON, WE'D
BETTER MAKE
A MOVE BEFORE
THAT SMOKE BOMB
BLOWS AWAY.



HOW DID YOU GET OUT OF THOSE ROPES? THE SONIC SCREWDRIVER?

I UNTIED THE KNOTS. SOMETHING A BLOKE CALLED BADEN POWELL'S GOING TO TEACH ME IN ABOUT TWENTY YEARS.

CAME IN VERY HANDY.



AND WHAT WAS ALL THAT ABOUT THE MEN OF FLAME? IT SOUNDED LIKE YOU KNEW WHAT HE WAS TALKING ABOUT.

NOT KNOW EXACTLY. IT'S MORE OF A GUT FEELING... OR A HUNCH...

...AN INKLING MAYBE. YEAH, THAT'S WHAT THIS IS - AN INKLING.

COME ON - WE NEED TO FIND SOME WAY OF GETTING UNDERGROUND.




ER... DOCTOR?
BEHIND THE WATERFALL?



SO WHO ARE THESE MEN OF FLAME?

THEY'RE CALLED THE CHALDERANS. SILICONE-BASED, INCREDIBLY HIGH BODY TEMPERATURE...

BRIGHT ORANGE? HORNS? SORT OF RIDGEY THINGS ON THEIR BACKS?



GLAD YOU WERE PAYING ATTENTION.



HELLO, FANCY SEEING YOU HERE.

YOU ARE TRESPASSING EARTHLET. NOW YOU WILL WATCH AS YOUR PLANET DIES!

SOMETIMES I WISH THE TARDIS DIDN'T HAVE THAT TRANSLATION GIZMO.

OH!

LATER...

DIRECT THE SECOND UNIT OF PODS TWENTY CLICKS SOUTH.

SOUTH? SURELY NORTH EAST?

SO WHO ARE THESE FREAKS? AND WHAT DO THEY WANT?

THEY'RE MINERS. BASICALLY THEY DIG INTO PLANETS, STEAL ALL THE LAVA FROM THEIR CORES AND MOVE ON...

...LEAVING THE PLANET TOTALLY DEAD.

TROUBLE IS, THEY'RE IDIOTS! HAVEN'T GOT A CLUE WHAT THEY'RE DOING! NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THEY MESS IT UP!

DOCTOR! ARE YOU SURE WINDING THEM UP IS A GOOD IDEA?

JUST IGNORE HIM!

IT'S **WEST** YOU IDIOTS! YOU'VE GOT TWO HUNDRED DIGGERS ALL GOING IN **TOTALLY** THE WRONG DIRECTION!

YOU LOT COULDN'T EVEN STEAL A **BONE** FROM A PUPPY LET ALONE DESTROY A **PLANET**!

HE'S RIGHT. YOU'VE BEEN STEERING THEM **TOTALLY** THE WRONG WAY

ME? YOU WERE GIVING THE ORDERS. I SAID **WEST**!

YOU NEVER!

BADEN POWELL TEACH YOU THAT AS WELL?

NO... I USED THE SONIC SCREWDRIVER. HAD IT SET ON AUTO.

I THINK IT'S TIME WE LEFT.

TWENTY CLICKS **WEST**!

THAT'S WHAT I SAID!

PROCEED... CORE... TWENTY CLICK... WEST. ALL PODS

POD SEVENTEEN RESPONDING

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A comic book panel depicting a character in a blue and orange suit being thrown or falling through the air. The character has a pained expression and a speech bubble above their head that says "AAARGH!". Below the character, a large, stylized sound effect "SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!" is written in a jagged, blue font. The background is filled with blue and white motion lines, suggesting a fast-paced action scene.

ONLY **THREE** THINGS KILL THEM. COLD WATER AND EXTREME HEAT...

ARE THEY DEAD?

WHAT'S THE THIRD?

STUPIDITY.

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WHAT'S HAPPENING, DOCTOR?

NO TIME TO EXPLAIN. BACK TO THE TARDIS.

IT'S NEARLY TIME FOR THE FIREWORKS.

KKRAK!

EEEEEEEOOOOOOWWWWW!

PREPARE FOR A LOUD BANG! TURN TO PAGE 32 NOW!

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DOCTOR · WHO

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continued from page 12!



BOOM!

LATER...

BLIMEY
DOCTOR. WHAT
DID YOU DO?

I DIDN'T DO
ANYTHING, ROSE.
YOUR PLANET
DID THIS ALL BY
ITSELF.

THAT WAS
KRAKATOA...
AND I SENT THE
CHALDERANS
RIGHT INTO ITS
HEART.





YOU'VE HEARD OF HIROSHIMA? IMAGINE THIRTEEN THOUSAND OF THEM GOING OFF AT ONCE.

I SAID THERE'D BE FIREWORKS, DIDN'T I?



THE WHOLE ISLAND...?

TWO THIRDS OF IT, **DESTROYED**. THAT WAS THE LOUDEST BANG IN HUMAN HISTORY! TOLD YOU THERE'D BE FIREWORKS!



AND THAT LOT WOULD'VE BLOWN UP THE **ENTIRE PLANET**... GOOD JOB WE WERE THERE.



THAT WAS **NOTHING** - HOW ABOUT WE GO SEE THE MATING DANCE OF THE FIRE DRAGONS OF KET-EL?

OR THERE'S A **LOVELY TWIN SUPERNOVA** OUT NEAR DENEK THREE?

LET'S JUST BREAK OUT A COUPLE OF SPARKLERS, EH?

NEXT ISSUE: THE DOCTOR LOSES THE TARDIS!